HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE.

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR, NISI ABSCONDI."

BY THOS. A. FALCONER. SATURDAY DECEMBER 6, 1845. VOLUME V--NUMBER 16.

THE
HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE

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LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

Love never sleeps! The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart!—*Love never sleeps.*

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O'erburdened nature sinks to rest.
But o'er them both, another keeps
His midnight watch—*Love never sleeps.*

Around—above—the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands
They raise the soul to hope again.
Free as the air their pity sweeps
The storms of time!—*Love never sleeps.*

And round—beneath—and over all,
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A Higher bends! the slightest call
Is answered, and relief is given.
In hours of woe, when sorrow steeps
The heart in pain—*HE never sleeps.*

Oh! God of Love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance, turn!
And as we view thy purity,
We feel our hearts within us burn,
Convinced that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill—*Love never sleeps.*

THE CLAY COVE MECHANIC.

BY D C COLESWORTHY.

Let others sing of lips and eyes,
As more than half divine—
The virtues of the heart I prize—
And those I know are thine.

"Do you think I would have anything to say to young Clinton? He must know I do not wish to see him and yet he persists in calling at the house."

"But Charles is a fine young man. He has an excellent disposition. You have noticed his kind feelings and generous character. And there are no bad traits about him. Why, I am surprised to hear you talk so."

"Charles is well enough in his way, but—you know his father and mother—they still live in that wretched shell in the Clay Cove, and haven't decent furniture. I should be ashamed to call there."

"I know his parents are very poor, and that his father has been a drinking man—But he has joined the temperance society, and I understand that he provides better for his family and is striving to obtain a good living."

"That may be true, and I can never forget old Clinton, even though he has reformed. He has always belonged to the lower classes."

"But I'm sure Charles behaves like a gentleman. If his parents are poor and wretched, he should not be treated unkindly, provided he behaves well and sustains a good character."

"True—but he has got nothing—is only a mechanic, and will always have to work for a living."

"Only a mechanic, you say? But what was your father and my father!"

"But they worked only a little themselves and employed others. Now they are independent. No matter what our fathers were. Time has changed. I shall have nothing further to say to Clinton. If he calls at the house, I shall contrive to be busy up stairs. You may see him and talk with him as much as you like—but I won't."

"You talk foolish—especially as Charles is as likely a young man as we have in our neighborhood."

"Every one to her liking," said the girl as she left the room.

Clara and Mary Edwards were cousins, and about the same age. The former had been brought up with false notions. Her standard of respectability was a fine exterior, graceful manners and a heavy purse. She had often declared in the presence of her cousin, that she would never associate with a mechanic, more especially if he sprang from a poor family. But Mary had different views. She respected all men, whether dressed in broad cloth or homespun, and was as particular in her attentions to the day laborer of good character, as to the individual who prided himself on his birth, wealth and education.

Charles Clinton was the son of a poor sail-maker. His father had been in low circumstances for many years, brought on by his intemperate habits, and he could barely earn sufficient to keep his family together. His mother was a prudent and industrious woman, and it was mainly owing to her exertions that they had kept together for so long a time. At an early age Charles left school, and went to learn the trade of a printer. He was industrious and obliging and gained the respect not only of his master, but his fellow apprentices. Instead of spending his evenings, and his few leisure hours in the day, among the vicious and profane; or in walking the streets in idleness, he would obtain some useful work and peruse it. He would frequently carry home the newspapers of the day, when he had nothing else to read, and thus endeavor to improve his mind. In this way he became intelligent—how could he be otherwise?—and won the good will of all who knew him. At times he would take a sheet of paper, and sit in the little room with his mother, endeavoring to place his thoughts upon paper. Charles was never idle; he was either at work with his hands or with his mind.

When Clinton became of age, he was employed by his master and received good wages for services. At this time Charles was acquainted with but few families; among these, however, was Clara Edwards, at whose residence he visited, he being more particularly acquainted with her father. He was cordially received by the family, but Clara endeavored to manifest her dislike to him in various ways. He held to no views which she did not oppose, and would converse with him on no subject. Once he invited her to accompany him to a pleasant retreat, but she refused, by saying she was engaged; but remained at home all day.

One evening he found most of the family had gone out, and she was alone. He endeavored to interest her by introducing various topics of conversation, but she manifested no interest in his remarks, and he remained but a short time. This was before her cousin arrived from the country. When she came, he found one who was willing to converse—who behaved like a lady to all who visited the house.

Mary Edwards had been at her cousin's about a week, when the conversation at the commencement of our story, took place.—A day or two afterwards, Charles called at the house but the moment Clara saw him enter the door she left the room.

Mary accepted a polite invitation to accompany him to a concert, and in a few moments she was ready. They passed an agreeable evening. She had no sooner returned to the house than her cousin exclaimed—

"What a fool to be seen with Charles Clinton! I should be ashamed of myself. No one who thinks anything of herself will go with him. I don't believe our kitchen girl would have gone with him."

"To speak as I think, Clara, Charles is a gentleman, and I esteem it an honor that he should invite me."

"O, Judy!—I shall faint," exclaimed Clara.

"You are a strange girl. Since I have been in Portland this last time, I have seen no young man with whose appearance I am so favorably impressed as with Clinton."

"Then, really, you are in love with the mechanic—the son of a Clay Cove sail maker."

"In love with his appearance? I am."

"And you may marry him in welcome. Oh, dear, what strange things will take place," said Clara with a contemptuous smile.

"Marry him! I am not worthy of so fine a gentleman. He is my superior in every respect. If I should be so fortunate as to obtain such a man for a husband, I should esteem myself the most fortunate of girls."

"Distressing!—no decent girl would have the fellow. You would marry him, hey?"

"Perhaps I would, if I could get him."

"Well, really, I can't help laughing—a genuine love scrape. I will give up. It will be a beautiful place, I must confess, to live in—that hovel, sitting in the mud, and to have so beautiful a father in law? Well, I declare, it will be fine."

"You contemplate too much for me cousin. I do not expect to have Charles; he looks higher than a country girl. But if he *should* marry, he will not probably take his wife to live at such a place as you describe; although I don't know where Clay Cove is."

At this moment Clara's parents entered the room.

"Have you heard the news, father?" inquired the proud girl.

"No, child, I have heard nothing. What interests you so much?"

"You'll laugh when I tell you. It is no less than this: Mary has got a beau."

"Indeed! who may it be?"

"Who should you guess?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," said the father.

"It is not so," replied Mary. "I have been to the concert to night with young Clinton, and Clara is making all manner of sport about it."

"Well, Clinton is a fine fellow, and you could not get a better sweetheart."

"What! Charles Clinton?" inquired the mother.

"Yes."

"Why he is only a mechanic. We have known his father for years, and he is a miserable shoat. They live very meanly. No respectable people ever call upon them?"

"You know, wife, a great change has been wrought in the character of the old gentleman since he joined the temperance society. Now he is industrious and does the best he can to obtain a living. His wife, I have always heard, is a prudent, active and industrious woman, and keeps her house as tidy as she possibly can."

"But they are not genteel and never will be."

"That should be no disparagement to the son. Charles has ever behaved like a gentleman, and there is no young man of my acquaintance that I would sooner Clara would marry."

"Father, you are joking," said the daughter. "It is the most absurd idea I ever heard you advance."

"My child there is *worth* in that young man. He has talents that will yet shine in the world. Mark what I tell you, for I know him well."

"I would rather be an old maid all my days," said Clara, "than have such a fellow—the son of a miserable drunkard."

"Clara, you must not talk so. Mr. Clinton has reformed, and I understand is doing well."

"But no one will forget what he once was, said the mother, and for my part I think Clara is right in her views. I should feel dreadfully to know she was waited upon by such a young man as Charles. And I know Mary's father would feel highly indignant if he knew who his daughter had been with this evening."

"No—no, aunt," said Mary, "my father has always taught me to respect and love all who are kind and virtuous, without regard to their situation in life. But he has always cautioned me to beware of those who show a fair exterior, but are corrupt within."

"Mary is determined to have her way," said Clara, "and she will probably dream of Charles to-night."

But little more was said, and the family retired.

The next day Clara would often inquire about "the Clay Cove Mechanic," and throw out insinuations upon her cousin for her consenting to go with him. But Mary heeded her not, simply remarking, "The sequel will tell who is right and who is wrong in her views!"

Mary Edwards continued her visit several weeks with her cousin and during that time Charles called often to see her, but as usual was treated with neglect and contempt by Clara. He pretended not to notice her coolness and indifference, and never lisped a word to her discredit to her cousin. Before Mary left, it was well understood between her and Charles that she was to be his future wife. The day for her departure arrived, and bidding her friends good bye, she took the stage and was on her way home to Lewistown.

Her cousin had not been gone many weeks before a young man by the name of Henry Watson commenced his visits to the home of Clara. He made her acquaintance a a ball room, and was just such a character as suited the foolish girl. His father was a man of wealth who resided in a large house, and who had brought his son up in folly and idleness. Instead of putting him in a counting room or a mechanic's shop, he suffered him to walk about in idleness until eighteen or twenty years of age; and then he was too old to learn a trade. He was furnished with pocket money and dressed extravagantly, associating mostly with those who had no regular business.

In the course of a few years both Mary and Clara were married. One to the industrious mechanic—the other to the fashionable fop. As the tastes of the two girls were so different, they seldom saw each other. Clinton took a small house and commenced life as though he was able to go through. But Watson hired a large house and had it elegantly furnished.

Ten or fifteen years have passed away since the cousins were married. As you pass up one of our most pleasant streets, you will notice a beautiful white house, with healthy trees before it. Everything is neat and commodious about the dwelling. It is the residence of Charles Clinton. He owes not a dollar towards it. Besides his independent circumstances, he is honored and respected by all who know him, and has frequently been promoted to offices of trust. By his industry and energy the mechanic has risen to his present respectable standing in society.

Pass down to Clay Cove. Do you see the small black house, once the residence of Charles Clinton, when his father was nothing but a sail-maker and an inebriate? That now is the residence of Henry Watson and his wife. They are poor and destitute, and live upon charity. It was not long after he married that his father failed in business and lost his property, and Henry being brought up to no particular business, took hold of what first presented, but did not succeed, and was obliged to remove from one house to another, not being able to pay his rent, until he accepted this little house in Clay Cove, rent free, from his cousin Charles Clinton.

Poor Clara had been doubly paid for her folly, and repented in dust and ashes the stand she took against the poor mechanic. Her husband has but little education and no energy, and is in every sense, a poor fool.

Mary Clinton has too good a heart to reproach her cousin, and has been uncomly kind and generous to her.

All is not gold that shines. Let the reader learn this lesson from the above story. Judge not a man by his business or profession, but look to the heart and disposition. Reproach no man on account of the sins and poverty of his parents. The rarest gems are often found on a dung-hill. Let this be the lesson you learn and our story will not have been written in vain.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

One of the most striking cases of presence of mind and self-possession of which I have any recollection, came to light in a trial which took place some years since in Ireland. The story looks like a fiction; but I have reason to believe it quite true.—A woman traveling along a road to join her husband, who was a soldier, and quartered at Athone, was joined by a pedlar, who was going the same way. They entered into conversation during a walk of some hours, but as the day began to wane they agreed that they should stop for the night at a house of entertainment, and pursue their pedestrian journey the next day. They reached an humble inn, situated on a lonely spot by the road side; and fatigued after a long day's walk, they were glad to find themselves under the shelter of a roof. Having refreshed themselves with the substantial supper set before them, they expressed a wish to retire. They were shown into the traveller's room, and went to rest in the respective beds. The pedlar, before retiring, had called the landlord aside, and gave into his keeping the pack, which he had unstrapped from his back, till the morning, telling him that it contained a considerable sum of money and much valuable property. They were not long in bed before the pedlar fell into a sound sleep; but the poor woman perhaps from over-fatigue or thoughts of meeting her husband next day, lay awake. A couple of hours might have passed, when she saw the door slowly opened, and a person enter holding a light which he screened with his hand. She instantly recognized in him one of the young men she had seen below—one to the landlord. He advanced with stealthy step to the bedside of the pedlar, and watched him for a few seconds. He then went out, and entered again with his brother and father, who held in his hand a large pewter basin. They went on tiptoe to the bedside, where the pedlar lay in a deep sleep.

One of the young men drew out a knife, and while the father held the basin so as to receive the blood, he cut the poor victim's throat from ear to ear. A slight half audible groan, and all was still, save the cautious movements of the party engaged in the fatal deed. They had brought in with them a large sack, into which they quickly thrust the unresisting body. The poor woman lay silently in her bed, fearing that her time would come next. She heard low muttering among the men, from which she soon gathered that they were debating whether they should murder her too, as they feared she might have it in power to betray them. One of them said he was sure she was fast asleep, and that there was no occasion to trouble themselves more: but to make sure of this being the case, one came to her bedside with the candle in his hand, and the other with a knife. She kept her eyes closed as if in sleep, and had such complete command over herself, as not to betray in her countenance any sign that she was conscious of what was going on—The candle was passed close to her eyes; the knife was drawn across close to her throat; she never winked; or showed by any movement of feature or of limb that she apprehended any danger. So the men whispered that she was soundly asleep, that nothing was to be feared from her; and went out of the room, removing the sack which contained the body of the murdered man.

How long must that night of horror have seemed to the poor lone woman—how frightful was its stillness and its darkness! The presence of mind which had so astonishingly enabled her to act a part to which she owed her life, sustained her through the trying scenes which she had yet to pass. She did not hurry from her room at an unseasonable early hour, but waited till she had heard all the family astir for some time; she then went down, and said she believed she had overslept herself, in consequence of being greatly tired.

She asked where the pedlar was, and was told that he was in too great a hurry to wait for her, but that he left sixpence to pay for her breakfast. She sat down composedly to that meal, and forced herself to partake with apparent appetite of the food set before her. When the meal was over, she took leave of the family and went on her way without the least appearance of discomposure or mistrust. She had proceeded but a short way, when she was joined by two strapping looking women; one look was sufficient to convince her that they were young men, and one thought to assure her that she was yet in their power, and on the very verge of destruction. They walked by her side, entered into conversation, asked her where she was going, and told her that their road lay the same way; they questioned her as to where she had lodged the night before, and made minute inquires about the family inhabiting the house of entertainment. Her answers were quite unembarrassed, and said the people of the house had appeared to be decent and civil, and had treated her very well. For two hours the young men continued by her side, conversing with her, and watching with the most scrutinizing glances any changes in her countenance, and asking questions which, had she not been fully self-possessed, might have put her off her guard. It was not till her dreaded companions had left her, and till she saw her husband coming along the road to meet her, that she lost her self-command which she had so successfully exercised, and throwing herself into his arms, fainted away.

PROFANITY.—A man of sense will never swear. The least pardonable of all vices to which the folly or cupidity of man is addicted, is that of swearing. Could he who so freely and impiously indulges in profanity and indecent language—in fine, could the profane swearer behold himself in a glass, as others behold him, he would shrink from his own image, as from a thing of contamination. In other vices, more or less may be found some kind of excuse; the gratification of some passion or the indulgance of some appetite may be pleaded as a palliation; but in this vice are no mitigating circumstances to be found—no plausible pretext for such folly. How often is the name of the Great Supreme appealed to on the most trivial occasions, lest the speaker's truth, when, at the same time his veracity could justly be called in question, and his statement proved false.—Suppose he should be taken at his word, what his horror would seize his guilty conscience, what sensations of unutterable despair overwhelm him!—and yet history furnishes many instances of speady retributive justice being awarded the blasphemer. Such appeals are therefore not only wicked, but absurd—manifesting a great degree of moral depravity. How weak how wicked are the wild denunciations of man: to revile, to outrage his fellow-man is wicked—to revile, to outrage his Creator, is horrible.

SORE THROATS.—We have known several instances in which this distressing complaint, even in its worst stages, has been immediately alleviated and speedily cured by the following remedy: Mix a penny worth of pounded camphor with a wine glass of brandy, pour a small quanity on a lump of sugar, and allow it to dissolve in the mouth every hour. The third or fourth generally enables the patient to swallow with ease.

PITIFUL DEATH OF A CHILD.—Lately a little girl about eight years of age the daughter of a widow woman, residing about eight miles from Lapeer, Michigan was frightened in such a manner that she died in about two hours after the fright. Her brother, a small lad, dressed himself in a dried bear skin, and chased her as she was going to a neighboring house.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Governor Steele of New Hampshire, has appointed Benj. W. Jenness, of Strafford, to be Senator in congress until the meeting of the Legislature, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Woodbury.—*Sun.*

DIVORCES AND RUM.—At the late session of the Supreme Court in New Haven county, Conn, no less than thirteen divorces were granted. The law of Connecticut, it seems, allows or compels the Court to grant divorces, where either husband or wife are habitually intemperate.—*Sun*

CURIOUS PROCESS.—The Chinese have the art of dwarfing trees, and will cultivate a pear or apple tree, perfect in all its parts, and yet not exceeding a foot in hight; and what is still more strange, they will raise from them at pleasure fruit either of the usual size, or of a size proportioned to the diminished growth of the tree.

TESTING COURAGE.—It is well known that in the time of the old French war much jealousy existed between the British and provincial officers. A British Major deeming himself insulted by General (then captain) Putnam, sent him a challenge. Putnam, instead of giving him a direct answer, requested the pleasure of a personal interview with the Major. He came to Putnam's and found him seated on a small keg quietly smoking his pipe, and demanded what communication, if any, Putnam had to make. "What you know," said Putnam I'm but a miserable Yankee, that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must perceive that if we fight with pistols you have an undue advantage of me. Here are two powder kegs; I have bored a hole, and inserted a slow match in each; if you will be so good as to seat yourself there, I will light the matches, and he who dares sit the longest without squirming, shall be called the bravest fellow." The tent was full of officers and men, who were heartily tickled with the strange device of the "old wolf," and compelled the Major by their laughter and exhortations to *squat*. The signal was given and the matches lighted. Putnam continued smoking quite indifferently, without watching at all the progressive diminution of the matches—but the British officer, though a brave fellow, could not help casting long and lingering looks downwards, and his terror increased as the length of the match diminished. The spectators withdrew, one by one, to get out of the expected explosion. At length, the fire was within an inch of the keg, the Major unable to endure any longer, jumped up, and drawing out his match, cried out, "Putnam, this is wilful murder, draw out your match, I yield." "My dear fellow," cried Putnam, "don't be in such a hurry; they're nothing but *kegs of onions!*" The Major was suddenly missing, having sneaked off.

NOT IN WANT OF A WIFE.

O why will you bother me Kate,
With your smiles and good-humor so sly
With your songs and your innocent prate
And the eloquent glance of your eye?
I'm weary of being in love—
It has long been the plague of my life,
By all the bright planets above,
I want neither sweetheart nor wife.

I tremble to sit by your side—
I'm fearful of hearing you sing,
I have the experiment tried,
And, by Jove, it's a dangerous thing!
Alas! that I ever should more
Be ensnared by a beauty and belle,
My heart, ever wounded and sore,
Will never find time to get well.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

WAFER CAKES.—Wafer cakes are an excellent tea cake, and they do not take long to make, although a little practice is necessary before they can be successfully made.

Beat three eggs quite light. Wash a little less than a quarter of a pound of butter, to extract the salt from it, and mix with it a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar; add to the beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of rose water, and as much flour (that has carefully passed through a seive) as will make a stiff batter. Stir the batter with a wooden spoon until it is perfectly smooth, and so light as to break when it falls against the sides of the vessel. The wafer iron should be heated, but not too hot, or the batter will burn. Grease the iron with butter tied up in a linen rag, twice doubled. Fill the iron with batter and close it. Place it in the fire in such a manner that both sides will heat at once; if this cannot be done turn the iron frequently. The batter will be cooked in about two minutes, if properly managed.

Raised Flour Waffles.—Stir into a quart of flour sufficent lukewarm milk to make a thick batter. The milk should be stirred in gradually, so as to have it free from lumps. Put in a table spoonfull of melted butter, a couple of beaten eggs, a tea spoonful of salt, and half a tea-cup of yeast. When risen, fill your waffle-irons with the batter, bake them on a bed of coals. When they have been on the fire between two and three minutes, turn the waffle-irons—when brown on both sides they are sufficiently baked. The waffle-irons should be well greased with lard, and very hot, before one is put in. The waffles should be buttered as soon as cooked. Serve them up with powdered white sugar and cinnamon.

Rice Cakes.—Boil a cup full of rice until it becomes a jelly, while it is warm mix a large lump of butter with it and a little salt. Add as much milk to a small tea-cup full of flour as will make a tolerable stiff batter; stir it until it is quite smooth and then mix it with the rice. Beat six eggs as light as possible and add them to the rice.

These cakes are fried on a griddle as all other pancakes; they must be carefully turned.

Serve them with powdered sugar and nutmeg. They should be served as hot as possible or they will become heavy; and a heavy pancake is a poor affair.

Rusk.—Melt four ounces of butter in half a pint of new milk; then add to this seven eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pint of yeast, and three ounces of sugar; put this mixture, by degrees, into as much flour as will make an extreme light paste, more like batter, and set it to rise before the fire for half an hour; then add more flour to make it rather stiffer, but not stiff. Work it well, and divide it into small loaves or cakes, about five or six inches wide, and flatten them. When baked and cold, slice them the thickness of rusks, and brown them a little in the oven.

GIRLS, never marry from "prudential considerations." You should crush with your pretty feet any and every attempt to lead you to the altar of marriage, as a sacrifice to the Moloch of wealth. No, no.—When you give your hand you should give your heart; and scorn, lovely ones, with the true pride of a woman, an alliance with a man, no matter how rich, whom you cannot love long, and love dearly. If you allow yourself to be forced into such an unnatural union, you stand before God and man a perjured woman; a libel upon your own sex and an object of contempt with the virtuous and high minded.

THE LOSS BY THE SAG HARBOR FIRE.—Mr. Hunt, the venerable editor of the Corrector, with an energy creditable to a young man, has issued a half sheet, from which we gather the following details in relation to the fire:—

About 35 dwelling houses, 57 stores, shops and warehouses were destroyed, besides stables and barns, and were we to state at from $200,000 to $250,000, perhaps we should not be much wide of the mark—although some have calculated it much higher; but as far as we can learn the Insurance Offices come in for a handsome slice of this burnt bread, as almost every one was more or less insured; we hear of but one, besides ourselves, who have no salve for their burnt fingers.

The press of the "Corrector" was saved in good order, by being buried, together with some type.